CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

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SERMON

ON THE

POSITION AND WORK OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

Delivered at the Fourth Universalist Church, Murray st. Dec. 24.

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Reported Phonographically for the Tribune, by G. Waters, Jr.

TEXT.—But he that received seed into the good ground, is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some a hundred fold and some sixty, some thirty.—[Matthew xiii: 23.

I call your attention, in the first place, to the fourfold succession of ideas developed in the text; namely—*Hearing, Understanding, Bearing Fruit, Bringing Forth;* for upon these ideas I shall base my remarks in the present discourse. I would say, however, that these ideas may be represented in other and nearly corresponding terms, which will be clearer for my purpose. Those terms are, *Faith, Reason, Piety, Morality.* The first of these terms, *Faith,* may be used here as equivalent to hearing, because in the connection in which it stands in the text, hearing comprehends faith. And in fact, although "faith comes by hearing," the hearing itself is an evidence of some degree of faith. We lend serious attention to that in which we have confidence, to which our souls yearn, or reach out with an instinctive affinity. We can hardly be said to hear that concerning which we are skeptical, or which we consider absurd. It may break upon the ear, but it has no cherished reception in the soul; it may strike upon us as it did upon the Scribes and Pharisees, but not as it came to the common people, who "heard Jesus gladly." From these considerations, then, we may assume that the term "hearing," in the text, involves confidence, or faith. On the other hand, faith is, as it were, but the *hearing* of truth—credit given by the senses, or by the soul, to any truth—an *impression* of the truth, without a clear, intellectual *definition* of it.

That *Understanding* is equivalent to *Reason,* presupposes or involves it, is a point that requires no discussion.

That *bearing fruit* corresponds to Piety, is evident in the fact that piety is that state of the heart, and of our whole nature, which may be called the consummate excellence, or inward *ripening* of a man.

Bringing forth may be considered as synonymous to this, but as making more prominent one phase of the main idea; and herein is shown the propriety of my selecting it as expressive of *morality.* For he who attains the true excellence of his nature, who has that life and ripeness of being which ensues from communion with God, who bears fruit in himself, will *bring forth,* will yield an abundant harvest of good deeds; and yet his morality will not be a fact essentially separate from his piety. Each is the other, manifested in a different mode, or sphere; and for this reason, as well as for one which will appear in the course of these remarks, I treat it by itself.

Hearing, Understanding, Bearing Fruit, Bringing Forth, then: these I consider as correctly rendered by the terms, *Faith, Reason, Piety, Morality.*

In the next place, I wish you to observe that those four elements—*Faith, Reason, Piety, Morality*—are each and all necessary to a complete Christian development. If any one of them is absent from an institution, or from a character, that institution, or character, is *deficient.* If any one of them is unduly prominent, that institution, or character, is *deformed.* Only in the harmonious combination and action of each and of all is that institution or character perfect. One must not be separated from or thrust aside by the other. This truth I shall now proceed to consider; first, in relation to *individuals,* and then, more emphatically, in reference to the position and the work of what is called *Liberal Christianity.*

I repeat, then, the remark which I just made, that in individual character, these elements should not be separated, and that only is the harmonious and truly-balanced soul in which they are combined. How radically necessary is faith, for instance! Even as to our most ordinary affairs we could not exist without it. If we say we will trust nothing but our *senses,* still we must trust *them.* We do yield to them a large measure of faith. If we say we will rely upon *experience* only, what is this reliance but an exercise of faith? We trust that what *has been shall be* again—that the old succession of cause and effect will be as sure to-day as it was yesterday. But the moment we offer an argument for this, our argument is based upon faith and is good for nothing without it. The severest induction, too, has a preliminary of faith,. We cannot commence reasoning without assuming certain premises. The first thread of all our logic is hitched upon something which we take *for granted.* Thus you perceive how necessary is faith to all our actions, and to our very subsistence.

Faith in *others,* faith in our *fellow-men,* too, is the mainspring of society, of its whole order and business. Go out to-day, and demolish this principle of faith; break it up where it exists in families, evident in the repose of childish trust, and the ready instincts of parental love, in connubial affection, and in the whole circle of domestic sanctities, making the roof sacred as the dome of Heaven, and the nightly pillow as safe as the arms of God; break it up where it exists in the *street* and the market, the real assurance that ratifies the sealed bond, and makes trustworthy the note of hand; that sets in motion the springs of traffic and actuates the sinews of Labor and is the needle that secretly steers the flects of Commerce through distant seas, and, finer than the electric wire, weaves a communication from heart to heart the wide world over; break up this Faith where it appears in the quiet of our dwellings and the security of our warehouses, and in the beautiful confidence in Order

and in Law which everywhere prevails; break it up, and Society would be set adrift—everything would be isolation—conflict—chaos—destruction. So, the great element that binds man to man and blesses him in the union, is Faith—nothing but faith!

Surely, then, that which is so essential in our ordinary and our secular life, must be cherished in our highest moods of being. The man who would banish from his soul *religious* faith, and shave down all his belief to a compact and transparent syllogism—who will believe only what he sees, tastes and handles, is not merely inconsistent, but he betrays a radical defect of nature.—He lacks the full proportions of manhood. He is a spiritual cripple. He does not perceive the *depth* of the Universe. He does not realise that we are encompassed by infinite wonder, that the light of definite knowledge shades off at every point into the unaccountable, and a penumbra of mystery hangs around the simplest fact—the tissues of a weed, the motion of a nerve, a puff of air. Whatever key we touch of this great instrument—Nature—a music responds from far within. With his flat empiricism and his flippant demonstration, the skeptic exposes his ignorance of true science, which stands on *faith*, and reveals in everything a spiritual significance. The great master-builders of systems are always men of lofty faith. They find no keystone for their knowledge, save a supernatural one. But when they have reached their summit-level, they detect no blank, exhausted truth—no sharp, definite boundaries; but over them the scope of God's infinity, around and beneath them the awful depths of His Being.

I repeat, then, that the man who, in a universe like this, lacks faith, is a spiritual cripple, and has not a full humanity. Otherwise, his soul would respond to the fact of mystery, and he would feel the necessity and give the evidence of faith. To a perfect character, certainly to a Christian character, this element is vitally essential. All that the Gospel reveals is not explained. It leaves room for the noble discipline of trust and confidence. It awards the richest approval of God to the exercise of that sentiment which responds to the unseen and the eternal. This faith appears too, as a most beautiful trait of character—the confession of an enlarged and exalted nature, the highest result of reason. It is the strength of the weak, and the light of the ignorant. It is the horizon which encloses and reconciles all the mysteries of life. It is the peace of the troubled; it is the victory of the dying.—Without it, a character would no more be developed or harmonious, than an eye without sympathetic nerves, or a body without a heart.

But we must maintain *Reason* also; else where is the *retina* of the eye?—where is the *brain* of the body? That we should recognize mysteries does not imply that we should not see clearly. The exercise of faith is not inconsistent with our knowing why we exercise it. Faith itself must be the expression of reason, or it is not true faith. The credulity of the ignorant, unreflecting, superstitious mind, is a very different thing from the sublime trust of the devout intellect and the enlightened heart. We feel the necessity for faith far more impressively under the open sky and the unrolled pomp of the firmament, than beneath the tramp of thunder and the fantastic evolutions of the clouds. So far is reason from being hostile to faith, then, that is absolutely essential to faith.

The clearer our definite knowledge, the more vivid our sense of the unknown, and of realities that we can apprehend only by a calm trust, and for the complete furnishing of a Christian character, we must not only have a reason for our faith, but a reason for all things—a reason for our love, and for our worship, for our opinions, and for our daily conduct.

Christianity itself is peculiarly a rational religion.—Thanks first of all, and supremely to God, who sent such a Revelation, clear from all peurile claims and superstitious adjuncts, free, bright, convincing, rousing up the intellect to keenest scrutiny and to noblest effort, making it strong by its wrestling with difficulties, and sharp by its search for meanings; and having thus founded its evidences in individual conviction, firm as a wall of adamant, it has qualified that intellect to grapple with the morbid devices of superstition and to shatter the weapons of sophistry as with a mace of steel. Thanks to the Savior! that he always appealed to the *judgment*, and left his beautiful truth to its arbitration—that even his miracles justified themselves to reason, by the purposes for which they were wrought, and by the spirit that pervaded them—that even his Beatitudes fell upon select souls, not arbitrarily, but by the necessities of logic. Thanks to Paul! who throwing aside the meshes of Jewish formalism and heathen error, bade us stand fast in the liberty of Christ, and even in prison vindicated that loftier freedom which chains cannot limit—the freedom of individual reason. Thanks to every moral hero who has removed from the Gospel the devices of ages,—the devices of error and slavery, and who has spoken for the rights of mind; for always has he referred to that Gospel as the primitive charter of those rights.

And beautiful is the harmony of these two. Faith and Reason!—but, alas, too often are they separated! We distribute them into different periods of life. Childhood appears peculiarly the age of faith. The spiritual world and its mysteries do not seem incredible then. We do not act as though they were incredible. They open to us all fresh and real upon the wondrous pages of the Bible, and beside a mother's knee. Then we tread as though we knew God heard us, and lift up our eyes as though we felt him very near us. Oh, often, in future years, among the rough contacts of the world, when our early dream of perfection has faded in the glare of sin and the gloom of sorrow, and when our hearts have been made callous by many trials, it would be well if we could cherish more of the simple, trusting faith of childhood, and sit before the mystery of the universe as recipients rather than actors.

But the child grows into the man, and then comes too exclusively the age of reason. We become suspicious. We have seen and, perhaps, thought much. We have been deceived. Our every-day business has taught us to be considerate. We are ashamed of exhibiting too much emotion; we turn aside to weep; and, of all things, dread the charge of credulity and the shame of being tricked. And with that brood of winged errors that swarmed around our childish ways, vanish many things that were fresh and true. Beside, our pride has grown active. We have taken a stand. We have built around us a bristling array of syllogisms and hypotheses. Nothing can approach us but logic, or the far more potent instruments of sarcasm and ridicule. And thus, separated from the sphere of childhood which contained our *faith*, we occupy the sphere of manhood, which is the sphere of reason, doubt, controversy, system, philosophy.

But is it not obvious that we should exhibit the true, development if we would carry the ready faith of childhood into the sphere of maturity, and cause each to temper the other? Keeping the reflecting head and feeling heart, opening no door to false fancies and timid conceits, setting no seal upon generous trust and gushing affections. Thus should we be thinking and loving men—prudent and generous men—free and believing men.

Seeing, then, how necessary the full development of each, and the harmonious blending of both these elements—Faith and Reason—are to perfection of charac-

ter, I need not dwell upon the same fact as illustrated by Piety and Morality. The one is that worship of God that secret communion with Him, that life within, which is the essence of all spiritual growth, of all holy living—the other is the manifestation of spiritual life in every-day conduct—the ideal made practical—the evidence of our communion with God, seen in our dealings with men—the discharge of the smallest duties and the most common virtues. These cannot be lawfully divorced.

Communion with God is necessary to true morality, on the one hand; and, on the other, if we neglect to do good to our fellow men, we cannot attain that knowledge which is essential to divine communion. We should so live that we can pass from the closet prepared for the rude contacts of the street, and be ready to retire from the street into the inner chambers of the soul. Men commit a mistake concerning religion. They confine it to devotional exercises. They make it constrained and formal. They commit a mistake concerning morality.—They think that it consists merely in a charitable and honest life, without godliness in the heart. These, I repeat, must be combined, if we would have a perfect character.

Thus we see the essential unity, the necessity, the beautiful harmony of these fourfold elements in individual character: Faith, Reason, Piety, Morality. We see the deficiency and the deformity which else would prevail. A man all *Faith* will be an implicit follower of the literal and the established. His understanding will become dwarfed and inactive. A man all *Reason* will be a bold speculator, a narrow and empirical philosopher, without comprehensiveness of nature or warmth of heart. A man all *Piety* will be a morbid recluse, perhaps an ascetic, absorbed in contemplation. A man all *Morality* will be almost wholly secular, lifting no thought or affection above this world.

Be ours the receptive heart of faith, the clear intellect of reason, the vital elements of piety, the blossoming beauty of morality.

"He that receives the seed into good ground is he that heareth the word and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit and bringeth forth, some an hundred fold, some sixty, and some thirty."

Having thus considered these four elements in relation to individual character, I proceed in the second division of my discourse to consider their development *in the history of the Church*, and to apply my remarks in a statement of the position and work of Liberal Christianity.

I observe that the history of the Christian Church thus far, may be divided into two eras: the one the era of *Faith*, and *Piety*, the other the era of *Reason*, and *Morality*. I do not of course pretend to say that these distinctions are exact, or that we can draw precise limits. As in individual character there is never an entire absence of any one of those sentiments—one trait running imperceptibly into another, and, therefore, we can speak only of prominent distinctions—so with the separate eras of the Church. I do not mean that there ever was a time when any one of these elements was absolutely lacking—when they did not, in some degree, blend together. But yet there are two periods whose prominent characteristics are such, that we may justly style one the era of *Faith* and *Piety*, and the other the era of *Reason* and *Morality*. With this qualification, I call the time of the domination of the Roman Catholic Church the era of *Faith*. Men believed implicitly. Its decrees of doctrine once set up, were standards. The test of heresy was the rejection of something which the Church taught, or the assumption of something deemed contrary to its teachings. And so it reigned, that magnificent hierarchy, for ages. Reason retreated to the secret soul of the scholar, or crept timidly along the coasts of Science, not daring to launch out upon that unknown deep where the first discovery might array it in opposition to some consecrated dogma. "*Faith!*" and the doors of the Inquisition flew clanging open, and forth went the martyrs of Reason, to their *Auto de Fe*. From the king to the beggar, at the sight of these mystic symbols, down went millions of heads; and the Lesson and the Prayer, though uttered in an unknown tongue, were received with reverence because pronouced by Priestly lips. And so it ruled the highest attributes of man. For the Philosopher in his closet, for the Monarch on his throne, for the Monk in his cell, for the Maiden in her bower, for the Peasant in his hut, the infallible Council, or the infallible Pope, thought and decreed; and thus it was peculiarly the era of *Faith*. Personal conscience vibrated toward the Vatican, like the needle toward the Pole-star; and the sanctity of the individual was swallowed up in the sanctity of the whole. You will observe that this statement does not cross the question as to the degree of learning, or the circulation of the Scriptures, in the Middle Ages. Much injustice has doubtless been done them, in this and other respects, but I would observe, also, that a great deal is to be said on the other side of the question. Notwithstanding what may be affirmed by modern scholars on the subject, there can be no doubt that Intellect, that Reason was cramped and restricted in the Middle Ages, and whatever its conclusions, they must be run into the orthodox mould of the Church.

But was not that also the era of *Piety?* I mean the idea of Piety expressed peculiarly in worship, and in secluded exercises and ceremonial forms. That this idea had an especial manifestation in the Roman Catholic Church, I think its history will show. Hers were the Anchorite, the Pilgrim and the Saint. With wafer and crucifix, font and taper, how ample was her sway over the religious sympathies of men. Hers were the first word at the cradle of the new-born, the last at the bed of the dying. Her service shed a mystic blessing upon the nuptial rite, and performed solemn masses above the dead. Trains of monks, chanting their thrilling hymns swept through the arches of her abbeys by moonlight, and throngs knelt by day before her incense-clouded altars. Mortified manhood, and disappointed beauty, under her influence, uttered the vows that separated them forever from the world. As the chime of her matins and vespers pealed over lordly Europe, through forest and valley, over mountain and river, every knee bent in prayer. Down fell the implements of the laborer, down dropped the eyes of the maiden. The mariner counted his beads and chanted his *ora pronobis*, the sick man clasped his feeble hands, and the weary traveler knelt by the wayside-cross. The influence of awe, the spell of beauty, the mandate of power, the glory of music, painting, sculpture—it employed them all to reach the sentiment of devotion and to touch that pulse in the human heart that vibrates to our immortality.

But this was not enough. The bondage of implicit faith, and an exclusive idea of piety, were imperfect and partial developments of Christianity. The world sighed for a change. The trumpet of the reformation sounded. The pillars of the old hierarchy rocked again, and forth from the prison-house beneath, bound hand and foot, came *Reason*. The broad principle of the Reformation was the right of private judgment. It declared that in each man's bosom is a judge—Reason—and before every man's eye a chart—the Bible. The movement which that simple idea produced was like that of a fresh wind over a mighty forest. The whole nature of man was stirred to its depths, and leaped and rejoiced in its freedom. Forth went human thought unchained. The issues of the conflict produced Bacon, Milton, Locke, Chillingworth. Modern science was born to

accompany ancient art, and thus, the true was married to the beautiful. The telescope swept through glitterings systems, the green woods of a new world heard the song of Discovery and Commerce, and the free mind spoke in thunder from the press.

But with this age of *reason* there came an age of *morality*, of philanthropy, and justice, and manward duty. I will not deny the beautiful charities of the Roman Catholic Church. I would not be blind to her great and sainted names. I would not cease to admire that highest sentiment of benevolence, and that self-sacrificing spirit, which has gone forth from her bosom into the remotest corners of the world.

But after all, from the reformation there flows a broader and deeper view of Man, and especially of the religion of every day life. Bold questioners arose, prying into institutions, and challenging old despotisms. It was felt that wrong was no more to be endured from a sceptered hand than from a peasant arm—that the peasant's soul was as precious as a king's. The mines of revolution were sprung, thrones were shaken, nations born, new truths of humanity descended into the social world, taking most beautiful shape. The voice of freedom, temperance, peace, toleration, charity breathed through all. The doctrine of human brotherhood was emblazoned on the banners of the Church. It was, and it is in this sense, an age of morality.

But have we not reached an extreme, on the side of reason and morality? Is not the fruit of Protestantism, too often a cold devotion, an irreverent radicalism, a skeptical criticism, and a sensual philosophy? Are not men under its influence lovers of the real rather than the true, sectarian, bigoted, narrow? The iconoclasm of Puritan America, the recklessness of rationalistic Germany, show the divorce of Reason and Morality, of Faith and Piety.

Need we not, then, a new movement in the Christian Church? Need we not a new age, when these four-fold elements shall be held up in their harmony, and acknowledged in their combined power? when the good of the past and of the present, of Catholicism and Protestantism shall be one?

I would remark, then finally, that this is a work which as I think, can be best accomplished by *Liberal Christianity*. I do not use this term here in any arrogant sense. But as, for convenience sake, others are called *Orthodox* or *Evangelical* Christians, without raising the question of their exclusive right to the title; so now I employ the epithet *Liberal* for the sake of convenient distinction. Nor would I imply, by the terms Orthodox and Liberal that there are two kinds of Christianity; for, so far as either name covers essential Christianity, they must of couse be identical. But that there is a wide distinction between the different views of Christianity expressed by these two titles I am ready to admit. I do not desire, and would be among the last to multiply, sectarian divisions. I recognize the ligaments of unity that bind all Christians together. But I observe that Liberal Christianity is distinct from Catholicism on the one hand and from Protestantism on the other. In the same sense as Catholicism differs from Protestantism, Liberal Christianity differs from both. Liberal Christianity may be called a third interpretation of Christianity; and having observed its distinctiveness, I call you to consider its identity. The two great branches of Liberal Christianity, as we may call them, are essentially one. I do not wish to sink any distinctive barriers. I would urge no unwilling compromise; but it will be well when these two sects recognize their essential unity. They start from common premises. The atmosphere of their Theology is the same; their great central doctrine is the same—the paternity of God; their main arterial principles are the same.

I observe in the next place, that the chief work of Liberal Christianity is not to deny or destroy. It is true it is a reformatory system, but it is also a reconstructive system. It has indeed to extricate the simple truths of the Gospel from the corruption and error of ages. But its great work is to bring together and harmonize the truths of the other two.

Both these must have good elements in them not yet recognized. That old Church which so long sheltered Christianity must have something good and true in it. This new force, this Protestant force, that has changed the world so much for the better, must have something good in it also, and it is the best thing that Liberal Christianity can do to recognize that good. We sympathize much with Protestantism, we can never go back, we can never fail to vindicate its glorious morality, its blessed principles of philanthropic reform and the right of private judgment. We sympathize with Catholicism too, on the other hand, not in its sacramental forms, but in its spirit of self-sacrifice and its fervent inner life. We sympathize, too, in its idea of unity, not a nominal unity of opinion nor a unity of form, but a unity of spirit. That some such comprehensive union must take place, there can be no doubt, and I will give my reasons, for believing that Liberal Christianity is in a position peculiarly fitted to accomplish this work.

I. It can accomplish it, because of its fundamental principle of free inquiry. We are in a position where we can receive all good from whatsoever quarter it comes.

II. Liberal Christianity is adapted to the accomplishment of this work, because of the spirit of progress that is in it. We are not locked up in formulas. When we discover a new truth, we are not obliged to adjust it to a foregone conclusion.

III. And again, liberal Christianity is peculiarly qualified for this work on account of its adhesion to principles rather than to forms. No matter how much these forms may have been sanctified by the influence of time. We are not afraid to recognize, we are not afraid to gather the good and the true that we may find under different names.

IV. We believe that liberal Christianity is qualified for this end because of the work that is actually going on—not all under the name of liberal Christianity. No man can look carefully abroad and fail to recognize the leaven of liberality that is affecting the great mass of the christian world, or to hear the doctrine of comprehensiveness that is preached from other pulpits than our own.

V. We deem Liberal Christianity peculiarly qualified for this work, because it is especially adapted to the age. It is an age of exaggerated reverence and of exaggerated skeptisism, or morbid skepticism and of morbid philanthropy. *Faith*, and *Reason*, *Piety* and *Morality*, are contending for the mastery, and it is for Liberal Christianity to show their equality and harmony, and in effecting this reconciliation it shall receive the triumph and the blessing of the peace-maker.

But chiefly will Liberal Christianity accomplish this great work, by illustrating this comprehensiveness in the lives of its disciples. In the mind, heart and conduct of each one of us, must be exhibited these four-fold elements. Let us then cherish faith. We must not suppose that reason can see all things. We must not live as if the sensual, outward, earthly, were all. We must have a transcendent trust in goodness, duty, God.

But also we must maintain reason, we must not be timid or superstitious. Let us beware of Ecclesiastical domination. Let us be jealous of human creeds. Let us have no creed but the Bible. Let us respect the sanctity of individual conscience. Let us honor any conviction that has been wrought out by searching and by earn-

est prayer. Let us beware of hovering about one idea like the moth about a candle, while infinite worlds kindle all around us. Let us cherish an eclectic spirit. Let us never become afraid of reason. When the old argument is urged that reason has led men into the worst errors and infirmities, let us meet it with the better argument that reason has led men out of these. Not right reasoning but wrong reasoning has deceived men.

But again: Let liberal Christians cherish piety. A mere code of good manners, of frigid morality, is not enough. There must be life in the soul, experimental religion—no tide of fanaticism, no fitful shock of excitement; but the constant pulse of Divine communion, the ceaseless flow of love and aspiration. Let us watch the heart; let us consecrate hours of silence and retirement.

But again: Let liberal Christians exhibit true morality; let us learn to live for another world by living well here. We must not confine religion to the closet, or the temple. Remember that goodness is better than whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices. Live honestly, faithfully, generously. Wipe away tears; break the chains of oppression; love thy neighbor as thyself, and thus go to the closet fitted for communion with God by affectionate contact with man.

In the practical working of these elements must abide the power of Liberal Christianity, and if then it accomplishes the work I have indicated, great indeed is its mission. Far better than sectarian triumphs is it to unite these dissevered elements of Christian truth, and present them in their completeness and their beauty. Thus, childlike, Liberal Christianity shall cherish Faith; manlike, it shall exercise Reason; Catholic, fervent, deep, shall be its piety; Protestant, liberal, expansive, shall be its morality.

But as the Catholic tells the Protestant, so many Protestants tell us, that we discard vital truths of the Gospel, and are periling our salvation. They tell us that our system is too bald and simple—that we have torn away the essentials of Christianity and plucked out its very heart. Because we reject the doctrine of *vicarious* atonement, and consider the Gospel as a system not for the reconciling of God to man, but of man to God, and the Cross not as an exhibition of God's wrath, but of his love; they tell us we have quenched all its significance. Although we affirm the guilt and woe and terror of sin, yet because we cannot consider it as infinite in its nature, and because we hold that where sin abounds, grace does much more abound, they tell us we extract from it all its malignity; though we think that in magnifying God's goodness we expose the malignity of sin all the more. I trust your own experience can tell you the power of God's character and of Christ's excellence to melt us into penitent humility, to lift us up with filial trust, and to urge us on the way of obedience. If we are wrong, may God in mercy lead us right; but while we ask new contributions of truth, let us bravely and prayerfully trust that which we have.

Again, they tell us that we have not zeal and excitement enough about religion. It may be that we are lacking in enthusiasm; but then we have learned that immediate effect and agitation are no tests of true power. The strongest forces in the universe are comparatively silent, gravitation and the electric fluid. After the flame and the earthquake came the still small voice; and of the mightiest Conquerer it is said, that "he shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets; a bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, until he send forth judgment unto victory."

These are my reasons for believing that liberal Christianity is peculiarly qualified to accomplish the reconciling work of which I have spoken. I leave them to your reason and to your reflection. For these reasons, also, I trust in the final triumph of the Gospel. Yes! the seeds of the Gospel, the simple, glorious Gospel which Jesus sprinkled with his own blood, and Paul died scattering—which have been trampled by the heel of Persecution and caught up by the whirlwind of Ambition which have been tossed about by blasts of controversy and concealed under mouldering errors, have in them a vitality that shall yet spring up in milenial fruitage. Wafted over the long lapse of ages, they are still fragrant with the winds of Olivet, and wet with the dews of Jordan. They shall drop into the soil of a happier era—an era of receptive confidence and of earnest intelligence, when they shall ripen into a holy culture and yield, hundred-fold, a beautiful harvest. Then the old age of faith shall blend with the new age of reason, and from the shrine of an interior and living piety shall go forth the procession of glorious moralities—of every-day virtues—of Justice, Freedom, Truth and Love!

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER.—NO. XXVI.

GENOA, Monday, August 28, 1848.

We left Martigny the morning after the date of my last, at 4 o'clock, A. M., for the Grand St. Bernard. This route leads us out of the Vallais by a crooked road, running along the Val d'Entremont, by the side of a small stream, which we followed to its very source, in a snow-bank, a few rods from the convent of St. Bernard. It is a small, rapid rivulet, white with the pulverized granite which washes out from the mountains and glaciers, and winds down the deep vale, sometimes overhung by massive rocks, and in no case, bordered by intervals but a few rods wide. Our carriage was what is there called a *char-a-banc*. In form it was like a new moon, laid on one side upon springs, with a door to join the two points of the crescent. It had four sticks stuck in the body, on which rested the top or canopy. By a little squeezing three of us could just get in, our feet and knees being cramped together. Our company was now reduced to that number; having parted with Mr. F. at Chamouni, and Mr. W. at Martigny, with whom we had travelled from Frankfort. Two mules, with a driver perched upon a box standing out by itself, completed our equipage. Our contract for the carriage was, to *carry* us to Liddes, in about four hours. But we found the road so steep, long before reaching that place, that we preferred to walk. By doing so we arrived at the Hotel some time in advance of our carriage.

Along the road, there are several small villages of miserable houses, and more miserable looking inhabitants. All through the country of the Alps a peculiar disease prevails, called the Goiter, which manifests itself by bunches on the neck; sometimes on one side, but oftener on both, and not unfrequently protruding from the chin to the breast. It is found alike on men, women, and children, and presents, in either case, a most repulsive sight. We saw it from Zurich all the way to this place, but far more frequently from Martigny to Aoste. It sensibly impairs the health, and affects the intellect. There are also in the same regions, (whether the result of the same cause, or not, I am not informed,) a great many Cretons, a species of idiots, who know barely enough to beg. Some of them can do ordinary work. In fact the whole population, with few exceptions, is a short, pale, sickly race; owing, perhaps, to their scanty provisions, hard labor of the women out of doors, and frequent near intermarriages. Few of the peasants have any teams—they could not use them if they had—and so

the people are obliged to transport everything on their own backs—generally on the heads and backs of women. The amount of hay, grain, and other produce carried by women is incredible. Nobody in our country would believe me if I should tell them what is common here—women carrying large bundles upon their shoulders, up and down the steep hills, which seem almost impassable, mowing, reaping, threshing grain, carrying baskets of dirt and manure, helping build railroads. The hard service to which the mothers are subjected, and their general lack of intelligence and the comforts of life, is, doubtless, one of the great causes of the degeneracy in the Swiss race. It is impossible that mothers, constantly laboring in the field at the hardest toil, exposed to the sudden changes of weather, and deprived of the commonest domestic comforts, with intellects almost wholly neglected, can give birth to a healthy, smart, intelligent race. The continued intermarriages among blood relations, as is common all over the mountainous parts of the country, owing mainly to their secluded condition and narrow circumstances, is another cause of the physical and intellectual degeneracy of the people. And so long as these infringements of the laws of God exist, so long the evils will continue. As I looked upon the physical, moral, and social deformities of this people, I could not suppress the thought that here is sin, the punishment of which is clearly manifest, and that here is missionary's ground, where the Christian and philanthropist may teach lessons of obedience to the laws of God, and make themselves greatly useful to their fellow-men.

Every spot of earth in Switzerland, as far up the sides of the mountains as vegetables will grow, where a man can get his feet, is cultivated. Sometimes six or eight miles beyond any carriage road there are large villages, and often far up the sides of mountains which seem inaccessible to all except the chamois and ibex. Were it not for the wretched condition of these people, this would be a most romantic country. It is densely populated, mostly by people who subsist by cultivating this rough, stony soil. A patch of half an acre, between two or three barren ledges, is often divided among as many occupants. In some places, terraces are built up the sides of mountains too steep to be cultivated in any other way. In others, small spots, not a rod square, will be planted with grain, flax, or hemp. At this season, those patches differing in color, gave a beautiful appearance to the rough landscapes, as they rise and ascend up high on either side.

At Liddes, our luggage was packed on one mule, the other to be shared by each in riding. I at once relinquished my portion, preferring to walk, more especially as I had walked all through the Alps, where carriages are not employed, and found my health greatly improved by it. Men do not know what they *can* do until they try. I had not dreamed of travelling thirty, thirty-five, and forty miles, on foot, up and down these rugged mountains. On the first day I was *compelled* to undertake it, as no horse or mule could be had. I found myself in such good condition the next day, that I resolved to put "no confidence in the strength of an horse," but to walk through every pass and up every hill where we might go racing each other, having recourse to a "boute force;" though Bro. H., and W., the orthodox minister, were, with a few exceptions, my companions on foot. In every case I reached the point of destination in advance of all, and generally the horses were the last to come in. I found myself strong and far less fatigued after a walk of thirty miles, than I used to in going from my house to our office and back. And all this time I drank no wine, tea, nor coffee, and rarely eat any meat —never if I could get enough of anything else. I have grown fleshy during the time, and feel as well as ever I did in my life.

Before reaching the Convent of St. Bernard, having left the habitations of men—the last of which were small houses, tenanted a few months in summer by shepherds, who pasture their flocks here for three or four months—we were overtaken by a severe thunder storm. I was a mile or more in advance of the rest, in my shirt sleeves. I hurried on to find a shelter, if possible, under some rock where I could be shielded from the rain. I espied the roof of a small building standing just above the ground, and hurried up to it. By opening a small lattice window I found I could get in, though it was so dark I could not see the bottom. But feeling down with my seven-foot cane, I found it had a bottom, though by the rattling of some light hard substances sounding amazingly like bones, I hesitated for a moment, and a cold shudder ran over me. But I laughed at myself, and screwed up my courage, remembering that ghosts came only in the night; and so as the rain began to pour I let myself down inside. On coming to the bottom, I found myself standing on dry bones. After a few moments, as when one comes from a bright light into a darker place, I was able to see that the whole bottom was covered with bones, looking *very human;* skulls, thighs, arms, ribs, and all parts of human skeletons. I tried to persuade myself that this was all imagination, and that these were only the bones of beasts. And so I explained it to my companions when they came up. But really this was an awkward position. All alone, near the top of the Great St. Bernard, in a charnel-house (for so it really was), during a severe storm, while

> "From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leap'd the live thunder."

In the midst of the storm my companions came up, and I cheerfully gave them security in my den. But our guide would not stop. He looked amazed to see us so fool-hardy as to stop in such a place. He shook his head, looked frightened, entreated us solemnly, and kept on. We remained here near an hour, defying the ghosts of frozen martyrs, till the storm ceased, and then started, leaving our cards stuck in the wall, stating that we found shelter there during a severe thunder-storm, on the 21st of August, 1848.

The road, or track, from this place to the Convent, is exceedingly rough. That Bonaparte ever got his artillery over this pass seems incredible. The route must have been less difficult then than now. A new road has been commenced, and is, part of the way, worked, which will make it passable for carriages. It is not steeper than the St. Gothard road on the north side, but much more so on the south. We overtook our baggage master a few miles on, all dripping wet. He seemed glad to find that the ghosts had not carried us off, as he might have been accused of murder, in case of anything of that kind. We passed him, and I reached the Convent in advance at 4 o'clock.

The Convent of St. Bernard is a large building, erected and supported by some Augustine monks. There are now present but fifteen; five or six others which belong to it, being on missions abroad. We were hospitably received by one of the brethren and conducted to a *fire* in the dining room, where there were six or eight other persons. The Brother who attended upon us was a very pleasant young man, pure and simple in his manners, wearing the dress of the order. He inquired of all our wants, generously supplied them, and gave us much information. In a few moments dinner was served. It consisted of soup, bread, roast lamb, boiled beef, figs, almonds, filberts and wine, the last of which was said to be excellent by those who drank it. For all this no charge was made, but we were permitted to give what we chose, by dropping into the box shown us in the chapel. When seated at the table the Brother ex-

cused himself by saying that he had service to attend to, and that the servant who waited on us would show us about the establishment. After dinner we went to the Chapel, in the same building, which is richly ornamented, in Catholic style; has an organ, several paintings, images, &c., and is large enough to accommodate two hundred persons. We were also shown a cell like the one where we took shelter during the storm, only larger, which contains the bones of numerous persons who have perished in or near this pass, many of whom have been found by the celebrated St. Bernard dogs, a noble race of animals, larger than those of Newfoundland, and, it is said, possessed of greater instinct. It is reported that these dogs, which are always sent out with a basket of food and a bottle of brandy tied to their necks, in time of severe storms which prevail here, have often rescued way-worn travellers from untimely death. There is much to admire in the devotion of this brotherhood to the welfare of their fellow-men. They live here in the region of eternal snow, the highest habitation in Europe, and do all in their power to protect and succor the poor wayfarer who may come this way, which is done freely to all, irrespective of caste, condition, or sect. But probably they receive as much, (and in some cases more,) than they would if a regular charge was made.

The scenery at St. Bernard, and for some miles either side is exceedingly wild and picturesque. Large banks of snow lay near the Convent, and the white peaks of the rugged Alps stood up in silent grandeur all around, between which, far down their steep sides, were seen rich fields and pleasant vallies. Immediately from the house the road descends both ways; that into Italy, which we now took, winds round a small pond, through the centre of which runs the boundary line of Switzerland and Piedmont. Near the edge, and on the brink where the road begins rapidly to descend, stands a Roman milestone. From this spot to St. Remy, the first town in Italy, the descent is very rapid. Here we passed the Custom House without any difficulty—tobacco, gun-powder, and bibles being the only goods actually prohibited. Though we had the latter we managed to keep it out of sight, and to retain it still. Here we dismissed our muleteer, and I cut off the lower end of my cane to keep as a memento of my pedestrian achievements in the Alps. We took a Voiture, and started for Aoste. The road is very steep all the way, but good, and we were able to make good progress. We had not gone far before we were stopped by the police and our passports demanded. After half an hour we were able to proceed with his *vise* upon them. Before reaching the vale of Aoste we came to large vineyards planted on terraces on the steep side of the hill and trellised along the side of the road, adding much to the prettiness of the scene. We reached Aoste in the evening, having accomplished what is considered two hard days' work.

Aoste was a place of importance in the best days of the Romans. It has an old wall and a triumphal arch raised in honor of Octavius Cæsar, and contains some old buildings, a fine Cathedral, and many good houses. It is a place of considerable trade, with a population of 7,000 or 8,000. It is most beautifully situated. It is hard to conceive a location in every respect so romantic, the very *beau ideal* of an earthly paradise. It is a warm, beautiful valley, completely hemmed in by stupendous snow-capped mountains, rising from 8,000 to 14,000 feet and but a few miles distant, possessing a rich soil, where all kinds of grain and the vine grow luxuriantly; and a climate not very hot nor extremely cold. In short it is, to the eye, a most delightful spot, all that man could expect or hope for on earth. But alas! it is not given to man to be satisfied here below. This sweet vale is infected with the secret cause of that most loathsome disease, the Goiter, and its inhabitants are a squallid and miserable race generally. And besides, the habits of the people, and their whole condition, is such as to make one feel sad while he gazes in admiration on the wonderful works of God here displayed in so great profusion.

W. S. B.

P. S.—The affairs in Italy look bad. The poor Pope is in trouble. It is thought by many here that he will be forced to leave Rome. The courageous Charles Albert, in whose dominions I now am, has been shamefully driven back from his conquests, and but for the interfer ence of England and France would lose his kingdom. Confidence in kings is waning fast, and what is far worse, the people have no confidence in themselves, nor in one another. These are dark days in the politics of Europe. But it is said, the darkest time is just before day. God grant it may be so. But great changes are to be wrought before these lands can enjoy rational liberty, such as is our rich inheritance—the birth-right of every American. Strange that God should suffer this fine land to be so morally desolate! But he works for great and good ends. Let him work as he will.

IMPORTANT HINTS.

Keep your room well ventilated. Close rooms generate diseases. Many a constitution is undermined from such confinement.

Throw off your feather beds and lie upon straw, or even the floor, if you have nothing better. The cheap cotton mattresses make a good bed and a healthy one. Feathers are bad to lie upon at any time, and more particularly in the summer season.

Use cold water freely. Wash yourself thoroughly with it every morning. A little salt put in the water, just enough to give it a briny taste, will keep the pores healthy, and strengthen and invigorate the system.

Eat lightly, especially if your habits are of a sedentary character. Do not eat in a hurry, but masticate your food well before it is deposited in the stomach. This bolting down provisions anaconda-like, is most destructive to the digestive organs. Avoid too great an indulgence in "high living," as it is called. Plain food is the best.

Let every man, woman and child keep a little pulverized charcoal in their bed rooms, and on retiring at night, let them put as much of it as can be laid on a sixpence in their mouths, and work it about among the teeth with the tongue: and it will not be long before there will be no decayed teeth for the dentist to fill with amalgum or pure gold either. Rise early in the morning, take exercise enough to make your breakfast relish well, and you will feel fresh and vigorous for the day's labor. Upon rising in the morning, extend your arms out and force them back gently. This exercise will expand the chest, strengthen the lungs, and operate as a guard against pulmonary diseases.

Baptismal Regeneration in a Lawsuit.—We have formerly spoken of the case of Gorham *versus* the Bishop of Exeter. Mr. Gorham was presented to a living by the Lord Chancellor, and excluded from it by the Bishop, because he would not subscribe to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The case is now in court, and to be decided by the Lord Chancellor, whether it was lawful for the Bishop to exclude him. The Christian Times says:—Should the decision be in favor of the Bishop's right to refuse institution, it will help to precipitate an event long contemplated as probable, and for which many good and wise men in the Establishment are preparing themselves—the formation of a Free Episcopal Church.—*English paper.*

Great Undertaking.—The State of Missouri is about to construct a levee along the west bank of the Mississippi, from New Madison to the State line of Arkansas—a distance of fifty-four miles.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTORY.

I am not much of a formalist, and stand little upon mere ceremonies or etiquette. Yet as we are about introducing a new volume of the Magazine and Advocate to new patrons as well as old, and by the arrangement of the publishers, I am thus introduced as a new corresponding editor, to the patrons of the Christian Messenger and Ambassador, I suppose it would hardly be deemed respectful in me to decline making my bow to these different classes of readers, especially the new ones with whom hitherto I have had no acquintance. But even in this I will endeavor to be as little formal and as little tedious as possible, and make as few promises as can possibly be accepted from an editor, the public generally expecting a great many fair and brilliant promises from this class of bipeds, and being often most grievously disappointed in regard to their fulfilment.

To old acquaintances, to readers and patrons of the Magazine and Advocate for years past, who have been familiar with my labors and course for the most part of the time for above twenty years, I need say nothing, nor make any other pledge or promise than by simply referring to the past, to give them to understand that in that they have all the pledge I can give them for the future. I remain the same in faith, the same in feelings, and am unchanged except by advancing years and increasing age. As they have borne with my infirmities with such exemplary patience for so long a period, I have no fear of their fortitude's forsaking them hereafter.

To the readers and patrons of the Messenger and Ambassador, with some of whom I may confidently reckon myself well acquainted, but to most of whom I am doubtless an entire stranger, I will make a few introductory remarks, promising them, not that I shall succeed in my efforts, but, that I will try to interest and benefit them and promote the good of that cause which we all profess to hold dear and precious as life itself. I am a plain, out-speaking, straight-forward, up-and-down *Universalist*—at least in faith or theory, whatever may be said of my practice—fully believing in the final "restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began"—that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," and that God is the Savior of all men, especially of those who believe." And this faith rests, not in mere human theories, or the doctrines, opinions, speculations or philosophy of man but on the "sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts." I profess not to have received, nor do I expect to receive—though if I should, I trust I shall not be "disobedient to the heavenly vision,"—any higher or better revelations of the character and purposes of God, or the duties and destiny of man, than are contained in the Old and New Testaments, wherein are recorded what God spake in ancient times "to the fathers by the prophets," and what in later times, "he hath spoken to us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things." This precious volume we receive as the lamp to our feet and the light to our path; and being given "by inspiration of God," I regard the Scriptures as "able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, and to be profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." We see not how any revelation can make the man of God any *more than* perfect; and our present Scriptures will make him perfect if he fully understands and perfectly obeys them. I regard the Bible as containing the highest, noblest, and purest revelation that God has ever given to man, though ages yet unborn shall each discover new beauties and glories in that blessed volume. And moreover, I consider Universalism as the highest, noblest, and purest form of Christianity ever inculcated in the world, and the only one fully sanctioned by the Bible. This is the faith, and only faith that works by love and purifies the heart, where it exerts its due and legitimate influence upon the life and character of the believer. I want to be no better, nor to have our denomination as such any better, than this blessed faith requires us to be. If we can only be *as good* as our faith demands of us, it is all I ask or aspire to. But alas! do we not all come short of this? Do we *live* the faith we profess? We should remember we are not merely required to be as good as our brethren of opposing faith, but as much *better* in our lives and practice as our faith is superior to theirs. To illustrate this sublime faith and enforce its holy obligations and elevated spiritual practice, will be a principal aim of my humble labors. But should error and falsehood, deception and fraud, sectarian hostility, or bigoted intolerance, rear their hydra heads in opposition to the truth, I trust I shall not shrink from the combat till the rubbish of error is cleared away and the temple of truth has a clear and unencumbered site whereon to stand and draw an admiring world to its holy and peaceful altars.

To the "Corps editorial," both of this and all our other denominational papers, I trust I shall need no introduction, having so long been of and with them: but I most cordially and heartily greet them with the salutations of the season, wishing them all many happy New Years to come, and fervently praying that not a single return of the season may ever find one of us slumbering at our post, or neglectful of duty, or in any other condition than that which shall enable us to say "we have fought the good fight, we have kept the faith."

With regard to the matter that shall hereafter appear in these columns, I take the liberty to say that I shall be responsible for none of it, either original or selected, except what appears over my own signature, or initials, or what shall have my endorsement. The resident editors in the City of New York will take the responsibility of preparing and admitting communications from correspondents and making the necessary selections.

And now, as time flies and is rapidly wafting us on towards the ocean of eternity, let us seek faithfully to redeem it as it flies. We have just entered upon a new year, the momentous events of which are unknown to any of us. Let us therefore, both editors and readers, agents and patrons, one and all, turn over a new leaf, renew our zeal and redouble our activity in the cause of truth and righteousness. May Editors be more vigilant and inspired, agents more active and successful, and subscribers multiplied, like the gold of California, beyond computation.

D. SKINNER.

SABBBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

The Orchard-street Sabbath School will repeat its exhibition on Thursday evening, the 11th inst. The pieces will be mostly the same as before. Exercises will commence at 7 o'clook.—Tickets 12 1-2 cents, to be obtained of Br. Collamore, 605 Broadway; W. H. Conant, No. 12 Bowery; James Y. Watkins, 16 Catharine-street; J. L. Sacket, corner of Grand and Ludlow, and at the door on the evening of the exhibition.

THE STATE OF PARTIALISM.

The Partialists have for years kept up the cry,that Universalism was rapidly declining, and going off in a sort of quick consumption. It has lived, however, so long, that we should think they would begin to conclude that it if has the consumption it is of the slow kind ; for it is not only a great while dying, but amazing hard to die, and wondrously strong even in its hour of dissolution. Of late, however, there has been less said respecting the decline of Universalism ; for Partialists have found about as much as they could do to keep their own organizations alive. They have decreased for some years past,with an amazing rapidity. The Methodists have lost tens of thousands in a year! The Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, have lost thousands on thousands of members! Even in Boston, where Partialism has had immense accession by the increase of population, nearly all the churches are thinly attended, and are in a languishing condition. A member of one of the Societies having a splendid stone Church, told us a few months since, that on the Sunday previous there were not fifty persons in the house, though the day was pleasant. The Advocate and Journal has the following lamentations on the state of Partialism :

"It appears from one of the New-England correspondents of the Western Christian Advocate that the subject of religion is at a very low ebb throughout all of the Eastern States. I do not know that this will be startling news to anybody, unless it be the true Christian ; for almost all who profess religion seem extremely well satisfied with their present attainments, and do not trouble themselves to seek for more. Out west, we have the same melancholy intelligence to communicate. In some places, it is true, a degree of excitement prevails among certain members of the Church,but the great mass seem quite indifferent to a revival of God's work." O. A. S.

GOD IS DOING GREAT THINGS.

"God is doing great things in these latter days," said Father Grisi, a suppressed Jesuit,as we sat in the Entrance Hall of the Quirinal palace, waiting to be introduced to the Pope. He said it in allusion to the Puseyites of England, in whose movements he thought he saw an indication of "returning good sense," and a coming back toward the bosom of the Mother Church.

"God is doing a great thing among the nations of Europe, and so far they seem to be tending toward the destruction of the papal power," says the New York Observer, in reference to the late outbreak in Rome.

No doubt they are both right, for it is manifest that "God is doing great things," whereof *we* are glad. But he is working by ways we know not, and he will accomplish ends to some least apprehended. It is manifest he will not establish the old regimen in ecclesiastical matters. The powers of the papal church are approaching an end. Attachment to creeds, and respect for human authority is fast coming to an end ; and man is beginning to act as a reasonable being, conscious of his dignity and responsibility. He is not afraid to tear off the rusted fetters which have so long manacled his noblest powers,and proclaim his freedom in Jesus Christ. He is not ashamed to stand upon high and independent ground, though he knows his conservative friends will scorn and mock, entreat and threaten, abuse and reject him. Liberty is the glory of our age. The theory, and spirit, and boast of it are understood ; but one thing remains to be done. Now must men act up to the light they have, and no longer cringe, and twist, and shrink from the demands of conscience.

I pitied the old Jesuit, who, as he smiling mournfully expressed it, was, at that time, "in retirement," the "people" allowing none of the followers of Loyala to appear among them. He did not feel that the hand of the Lord was upon *him* and his sect, to take away the iron rule they had exercised over other men's consciences ; and that the Puseyites were nothing more than the cast-off, lifeless covering which the church has left behind, in its progress out of darkness into light—from the errors, and follies, and sins of the middle ages—through scenes of toil, trial and peril, to its present rationalised, liberalised, and *christianized* position.

I rejoice in the fact that the Observer and its partizans can see the "hand of the Lord" in the movements of the present age ; but I am sorry that the dark pall of a heavy cloud is still on them. They see faint—sometimes clear—rays of light darting through dense folds, and giving hope that the storm is well nigh past ; that clouds are separating ; that the gentle breezes of christian kindness, and the fervid heat of divine truth, will soon disperse them all, and a clear, bright horizon, will spread out over all the earth. But still they cling to the old shadowy form —to creeds long since proved false, which they cannot exhibit or even look at in their native deformity, and to authorities which, in their souls, they despise.

God has great things yet to do, before the watchmen shall eye to eye, and all men lift up the voice and rejoice together ; before all the professors shall be able to "work the work of faith," to see what God has promised, and work themselves and help others work in reference to it. The Lord help them and all of us to "know the truth." The truth shall make us free.

W. S. B.

AN EXTENSIVE BUSINESS—FOR ERROR.

The American Tract Society has issued 750,000 volumes, valued at $130,000, during the past eight months. What is the moral and religious value of them? It cannot be computed by figures! What an engine of power to warp the human mind! It bends the twig and forms the tree. It operates by a process less painful than those employed by the old Church, but it produces about the same effects. It promotes self-love and hatred for others. It presents a partial God, who is vengeful and cruel ; and makes children cruel,and keeps men so. It gives no better hopes —a heaven of immortal bliss for *us*—a hell of endless tortures for *our enemies*. Such is the burden of these 750,000 volumes, distributed all about the land by Colportuers, in the employ of the Tract Society.

Where is the antidote for such poison as they scatter? What of truth they distribute will do good. The error *may* cure itself. But it is got up, like sugar-coated pills, to carry the bane under a sweet cover. Some of these volumes contain slanders and falsehoods. Matthew H. Smith's work is among them. How shall they be corrected? Ask yourselves that, brethren, and let your works give an answer.

The Fair in Bridgeport.—We are happy to learn that notwithstanding the unusually inclement weather during the Fair held by our friends in Bridgeport last week, the receipts were between $600 and $700, and the net profits considerably over five hundred dollars. The debt of the society was but a trifle over $400 ; it is therefore now fairly above board, with an overplus on hand ; and under the excellent ministrations of our esteemed Brother Moses Ballou, its prospects are flattering in the highest degree. We learn that the congregations at their church have nearly doubled in point of numbers during the last three months.

"THE INDEPENDENT."

We have received three numbers of a large and well- printed weekly paper of the above title. It is the organ of the Orthodox Congregationalists. It is published for the proprietors, by S. W. Benedict, at 201 William-street, and is sold at $2 50 a year, in advance. It is edited by Revs. Leonard Bacon, J. P. Thompson, and R. S. Stores, Jr.; assisted by Rev. Joshua Leavitt.

We always rejoice at every enterprise which promises to accomplish any permanent good. It is well known that we are far from approving all the doctrines which are to be found and advocated in the *Independent*. But it is a *Reform* paper, and progressive. It takes true ground in defence of *some* of the humane movements of the day. We wish it did in all. Besides, it promises to maintain a high character in respect to other denominations. This we like. We do not object to the publication of arguments against our doctrines, or rebukes of our conduct when done in a candid and Christian manner. But we are not pleased when others misrepresent our views and slander our characters, merely to excite a feeling of disgust and, create an alarm in those who are not acquainted with either. We hope "The Independent" will keep its columns pure from all such unfairness. We extend to it our right hand, and give it a hearty welcome, with "an open field and fair play."

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We had written the above before we saw the slanderous language of the Boston Correspondent, used in reference to the "Union of Unitarians and Universalists," in which we find language the most unkind and abusive. The writer, who signs himself "*Arnold*,"—not an inappropriate name—is speaking of the installation of Rev. Mr. King, at the Hollis-st. Church, which has greatly astonished him, and furnished material for his *courting* letter, in flattery of the Unitarians. He is too late. His party have abused the Unitarians too long and cruelly for him to succeed in renewing former friendships; to the bosom of a church which has coldly treated them. We give below an entire paragraph, that our readers may know what some folks say of them and their neighbors.

"What now are the community to infer from this act of union, if not that Unitarians are Universalists, or that the difference between them is so slight, in the view of the most earnest and evangelical of their number, as to interpose no obstacle to the closest fellowship of ministry and religion? They publicly strike hands with men who have been the most bitter and violent enemies with whom the Church and ministers of Christ ever had to contend! They lend the sanction of their learning, and refinement, and social influence, to the assults which coarse and uncultivated men are making upon the sanctions of the Law of God, and the foundations of all sound morality! And when, furthermore, it is known to the public, and must have been known to the examining council, that the young candidate before them belonged to that rationalistic section of the Universalist body, who do not believe that a faith in even the *historical facts* of the New Testament, is neccessary to constitute a Christian minister;—what interpretation necessarily belongs to this act of fellowship and communion? To what lower depths can these ancient Puritan churches descend? What remains of christian theology for these *christian* ministers to surrender? We are free to say, that we see nothing left but a name; and we can hardly believe that they will affect to consider themselves slandered, when we say that they are Christians only in name and baptism? We find no pleasure in believing this, and we take no pleasure in saying it. We have never been disposed to charge Unitarians with infidelity simply for not believing in the Trinity; nor have we been wont to reckon them as one with Universalists. They have grown up in the bosom of the Church. They are the sons of "sires that have passed into the skies," and the hallowing influences of a pious ancestry linger upon and around them. They have retained much of that serious, thoughtful, and earnest cast of mind, which comes from a purer and sterner faith; they are deserving of honor and of imitation, too, in the cultivation of the human virtues; they have caught an ennobling view of the human side of the Redeemer's person. But it is otherwise with Universalists. They are aliens in origin, in spirit in history. They did not spring up in the bosom of the Church and if they have possessed themselves of her pulpits and sacred vessels, it has been by stratagem and violence? Their religion is not serious and earnest, but notoriously light and scoffing. They have had no literature, no theology, no devotion. They have had, and wanted, but one idea;— and that, such as releases from religious obligation. By allying themselves with such a body, Unitarians cut the historical—the last and only tie, that binds them to the Church of God. By such a union they may lower themselves, they cannot elevate their allies."

Now we count that a very deliberate way of slandering two denominations at once. But we are prepared for such things and able to bear them; and we hope our Unitarian friends will not feel themselves too highly flattered nor too deeply disgraced by the remarks. We trust they are actuated by higher considerations than the "praise of men" and that they are prepared to "endure such contradictions of sinners."

It is unfortunate for Mr. "Arnold" that some among the most *learned* and *respectable* in past ages as well as at the present time have embraced Universalism, and that such slander as he heaps upon us has been suffered by better men, whose example is our encouragement. Even the great Master himself was accused of having no "learning," of being a "wine-bibber," and the "friend of publicans and sinners." His disciples were thought to be "coarse and uncultivated," by those of "learning and refinement, and social influence;" and hence the question "have any of the rulers believed on them?" There were "historical ties" then—for it was higher authority to have "Abraham to our father" than to have a Puritan! But the *Arnold* of West Point thought it a pity to "cut the historical—the last and *only* tie" which bound this country to Europe, and no marvel that the Arnold of Boston is equally sorry that Unitarians have cut the *tie* which bound them to the Orthodox Church.

THE CHANGE.

It is greatly to be desired that the change which has taken place in the publication of the Magazine and Advocate, may be satisfactory to its old patrons, and to Universalists generally, in Central and Western New York. True, many may deem it preferable to have it published in their immediate vicinity, rather than at a distance. But I think they will generally admit this is more from a feeling of a local character, than any apprehension of injury to our cause. With the means of rapid transportation now in existence, to a majority of the supporters of this paper, New York city is but a few hours farther removed than Utica. All communications, notices, marriages, deaths, &c., can be sent from most sections, nearly as speedily to N. York as to Utica. Isee not why all local matters cannot be as well subserved with the publication at the former place as at the latter.

The paper will be the same Magazine and Advocate we have ever had, only removed in its place of publication, and greatly improved. The advantages in the latter respect, to its patrons, cannot but give great satisfaction. It will contain much more matter than heretofore, and yet afforded at the same price to subscribers. And its contents will assuredly be more interesting and profitable. The array of editorial talent cannot be exceeded by any of our periodicals, and its contributors and correspondents will be much increased. The letters from Europe, by Br. Balch, which are now in the course of publication, are exceedingly attractive, and will of themselves be abundantly worth the price of the volume.

I sincerely hope that few, if any, of the former patrons of the

Magazine and Advocate will relinquish the paper on account of its removal. There should be, and I think, will be, a large increase in the list of its subscribers. Few of us are really aware of the immense influence of such a periodical in disarming our opposers of their prejudices—making them willing and desirous to listen to the proclamation of our sentiments—and diffusing abroad light, and truth, and love in community. Allow me to give an instance in illustration. A respectable individual residing in a town not far from Auburn, had long been a believer in the salvation of the world. But his enjoyment of this doctrine had been greatly lessened by the determined opposition it received from several members of his family. Some three or four years since a friend advised him to introduce one of our periodicals into his family. He followed the suggestion—subscribed for the Magazine and Advocate—and now has the happiness to find every member of his household warmly sympathizing with him in his religious views, and anxious to build up and commend to others, the doctrine they formerly so heartily despised.

I have no doubt hundreds of such cases could be named. They should encourage Universalists to exert themselves to increase the circulation of our papers, and strive to send these "winged messengers," into every neighborhood, hamlet, nook and corner of our land. They will penetrate and scatter light where our preachers cannot go. They will attract the eyes and touch the hearts, and convince the reason, of multitudes, whose ears would be closed by prejudice, had they ever the opportunity to listen to the preached word. People will read, and think, and feel when they will not hear. Let us all diligently labor to enlarge the number of the readers of our papers. It will be sowing the most precious seed on the richest soil. We may be assured the dews of heaven will fall upon it, and such a harvest shall in due time be gathered, as shall be an abundant reward for all our labors of love. J. M. A.

Auburn, N. Y.

TO OUR OLD FRIENDS.

We this week present our friends with the first number of the Magazine and Advocate, in its enlarged form. It will be seen to contain a third more matter than a number of the previous volume, without any addition to the price. It will, as heretofore, contain notices of preaching in all parts of central and western New York, notices of meetings there, and be as much devoted to the interests of the cause there as it ever has been. Rev. D. Skinner will attend to everything relating to the denomination those parts of the State the same as he has done; and though the paper is to be printed in New York city, it will possess the same interest to its old patrons that it ever has. Rev. S. R. Smith has been engaged to write regularly for it; so have Revs. G.W. Montgomery and J. M. Austin. In addition to their labors, the paper will have the labors of Brs. Balch, O. A. Skinner, and Bulkeley, men long known in our denomination as able writers. We have been thus particular in making these statements, because the Christian Sentinel has come out with shameless misrepresentations respecting this paper, and sought its injury in a most unprincipled manner. My ministering brethren have said, that in all their experience, they have never known anything so unfair, as the course pursued by the Sentinel. It has said, that this paper is just on the eve of expiring; that it is to be made up weekly from the old matter of the Christian Messenger; that the Magazine has blown up, and much more of the same character.

It is true, that the matter used in this paper will be used in the Christian Messenger and Ambassador; but will it be any the worse for that, to persons who do not take either of those papers? It is also true, that the Magazine and Advocate will be printed in New York city, though published in Utica as heretofore; but what difference does it make where it is printed? It can contain all local news if printed in New York the same as if printed in Utica. The postage from New York on papers to any part of the State, is no more than from Utica. Persons wishing to transact business with the paper at Utica, can do so the same as they have always done. What evil then is to arise from removing the printing office? Why the attempts of the Sentinel to injure us? If the people wish the Sentinel let them take it; but let not the publisher seek to obtain patronage by gross and abusive misrepresentations of this paper. If editorial talent and experience can make a good paper, the Magazine and Advocate will be second to none in the denomination. It will be printed in the emporium of our country, and give the denominational news from one to two weeks earlier than it has done; and it will be by far the cheapest paper in the denomination.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

This organ of Methodism recently published an article from its New England correspondent, headed *Universalism waxing and waning*. We hardly know in what light to regard the writer. He appears to be serious, and yet his proof that Universalism is waxing and waning, is so ridiculous, that we can hardly believe him to be serious. After saying, that Unitarians have heretofore shrunk from all fellowship with Universalists, he says:

"But now, what do we see? A Universalist preacher is installed pastor of a Unitarian Church, and without any recantation of his doctrine, nay, without even any secession from the Universalist denomination. It is not so much a matter of surprise to the public that the *Hollis street Church* would consent to such a connection, as that Unitarian clergymen, of respectable standing, should give their sanction to it, and assist at the ordination. It is a bad omen for Unitarianism, and is in conflict with those encouraging indications of evangelical appreciation which it has exhibited in other directions."

Here is the wondrous proof, that Universalism is rapidly waning! The author of this profound reasoning is a great logician! Though Universalism has made such rapid progress that the most conservative among the Unitarians are willing to unite in installing a Universalist over one of their churches, even though he is to retain his connection with his denomination, Universalism is on the decline, running down fast fading away from the world! We should like to have it keep running down in this way, and we have no doubt it will. Indeed, we expect the time is not far distant, when it will run down, among the Methodists in the same manner, and that they will come to us for preachers, and be glad to take them on the same terms that the Unitarians have taken Mr. King. O. A. S.

ORCHARD-STREET SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of this School took place on Christmas evening. The weather was extremely unfavorable. The night was dark and rainy, and the walking very bad. Still, the house was well filled. The exercises were of the very highest order. We think that we never attended a better exhibition. The pieces were mostly original, and they were truly excellent. The singing was very fine, and the appearance of the School was remarkably good. We hope that the exhibition will be repeated. We have no doubt that hundreds were prevented from attending by the storm. All who have spoken upon the subject think that the exhibition should be by all means repeated.

UNITARIANISM AND UNIVERSALISM.

Thinking our readers might be curious to know what view is taken by our Unitarian friends, of the tremendous sensation produced among the Partialist sects by the recent movement in Boston, in relation to the settlement and installation of Rev. T. S. King, we copy the following from the "Christian Inquirer:"

"A wonderful amount of solicitude manifests itself in all the Trinitarian religious papers concerning the friendly relations of the Unitarians and Universalists, more particularly as it has been evinced in the settlement of the Rev. Mr. King at Hollis-street. A very lively anxiety is felt lest the Unitarians should be doing themselves some injury by anything like union with the Universalists. They are called upon, in a very pathetic manner, to remember their scholarship, refinement and purity of manners, as if Unitarianism had ever deemed itself, what George the Third—that most pious and intelligent judge of such matters—thought the 'Church of England to be the only religion for a gentleman.' But the fact is, that Unitarians have an old-fashioned foible, daily growing upon them—a desire to be true to their own principles; and having seen that under the spirit of the times they have been wrong in allowing themselves to treat the Universalists a little as the orthodox have treated them, they are now anxious to place themselves right with that large and interesting body of Christians. Agreeing in almost all points, and daily approximating in those upon which they have heretofore differed, without the least compromise on either side of fidelity or independent research and conclusions in matters of faith, neither denomination had thought it worth while to resist the union coming from substantial agreement in doctrine and oneness of spirit. The orthodox are for the most part just as ignorant of the spirit of the Universalist body, as they once were of the spirit of the Unitarians. The origin of Universalism may have been as bad as the correspondent of the 'Independent' states it to be. It was the protest of common minds against orthodox asceticism and bigotry, and irrationality of faith; and of course much coarseness, much skepticism, much unscholarlike criticism, much virulent and poor controversy, characterized its early career. Yet it had vigor and substantial truth in its protest, and showed itself 'mighty in the Scriptures.' Its growth has been like that of many an American youth of mean origin, whose lusty sinews and strong blood added to the culture of the common school, have finally borne him far a-head of competitors of gentle breeding, but of over-refined and effeminate mental habits and moral culture. We look with the greatest interest and the liveliest hope upon the Universalists. That they are everywhere spoken against is only an additional reason for rejoicing in any form of union with them, which has truth, charity, brotherly love, and sincere piety for its basis. Now is not the time—when the orthodox papers are so generally signalizing their arrogant spirit and systematic narrowness, by direct and insinuated expressions of contempt and hatred for Universalism—for us to draw any lines between the Unitarian and the Universalist opinions. We agree in so much more than we differ, that we ask it as a favor of orthodoxy to include us in all the odium, exclusion and execration, it heaps on our brethren of the Universalist faith. We would rather suffer with the friends of religious liberty and Christian charity than be glorified with the supporters of an inquisitorial bigotry and self-complacent orthodoxy."

NEW CHURCH IN ILLINOIS.

The Post Master at Elgin, S. Wilcox, Esq., writes as follows, under date of Dec. 7, 1848. It affords us much pleasure to hear of the continued progress of our cause on our western borders, and devoutly do we hope that no cloud may intervene to cast a shade over the brightening prospects of the friends of truth in that region

"There are a goodly number of Universalists in this(northern) part of the State. At this place a few in connection with a less number of Unitarians, have put their mites together and erected a neat little house (22 by 34 feet) of worship, in which divine service is held twice a month regularly. We hope ere ong to be able to have preaching every Sabbath."

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

MR. CHAPIN'S REMARKS AT THE NEW ENGLAND FESTIVAL.

Mr. Chapin responded to the toast on "Common Schools," and his remarks were, substantially as follows:

The sentiment just proposed, sir, was to be expected upon an occasion like this. It would ill become us to hold a New England Festival without alluding to that which constitutes the distinctive feature of New England's glory, and a most vital element of her success. Nor can we appropriately mention the "Common Schools of New England," without referring to the "Fathers of New England." And, I must confess, that whenever this reference is made, I am tempted to launch into an eulogy, in which, by the limits of the hour, I am forbidden to indulge. But permit me to make the general remark, that no one who studies the character of the Puritans, and especially that branch of the Puritans by whom New England was settled, however much he may feel compelled to differ from them upon questions of Church and State, will hesitate to ackowledge their admirable, yes, their *Providential* fitness for the very work which they accomplished. I will not parry the conclusions of a just criticism. I will not stop to defend the Puritans from the charge of lacking in a *comprehensive toleration*; although we should beware lest we mistake the pressure of strict necessity, and a solicitous regard for dearly-purchased privileges, for the natural impulses of disposition. We should beware, lest the bigotry of *criticism* eclipse the bigotry of *sectarianism*; and lest we, in the light of *our* age, cast back the reflection of an unconsidered judgment to make more glaring the deficiencies of *theirs*. I will not deny that they lacked, or at least despised a generous and æsthetic culture, but they were men overshadowed by awful *essentials*, and may well be excused for the neglect or the contempt of mere *accessories*. But, sir, I do maintain that they had all that was necessary for, yes, all that was consistent with, their mission; an almost unparalleled *singleness of purpose* and *sublimity of aim*, hearts of transcendent faith, and fibres of unconquerable endurance. Let skeptical historians, polemical antagonists, brilliant critics, and antithetical essayists, say what they will—those lineaments that looked through the December mist, and confronted the savage sea coast, were animated by the best blood of our Anglo Saxon liberties, and by the noblest sentiments of our modern civilization.

We commit an essential error, sir, only when we attribute to the Puritans *all* the virtues, and, in eulogizing their mission, forget that God has appointed men to do His work by various methods and in different ways. In fact, He has ordained kinds of men, (considering them as individuals, or as classes,) as He has ordained the geological strata. There are some who are of a *fossiliferous* peculiarity. They are chiefly remarkable for retaining the forms and effigies of the *past;* and yet they furnish from their treasuring conservatism many a substantial fabric for the edifice of the future. There are others whose office is *mineral*. They concentrate and distribute the wealth of the world, enlarging its material dominion and increasing its secular interests. There are some, too, who are of an *alluvial* cast; rich with culture and flowering with imagination, covering the angular hardness of life with the deposits of inspired thought and ripened experience, and diffusing into the hearts of men the love and the joy of everlasting beauty. And then there are those whose character is *granitic*, decidedly and to the core. They illustrate the strength and the endurance,

the heighth and depth of *moral principle*, breaking clean through the uppercrusts of conventionalism and the structures of a superincumbent antiquity, rooted down in the eternal centre of things, and reaching up to heaven. Of this latter kind were the Puritans of New England. I have said that they cherished an almost unparalleled singleness of purpose. By nothing is this evinced more decidedly than by that clearness of vision with which they saw the fundamental principles of all social prosperity and permanence, and the comprehensive unity in which they held those principles. Therefore it was that, whatever they lacked, or neglected, these three elements (and who will find greater?) they garnered in their bosoms, and bore about with them in all their wanderings, and planted almost instantly in our own soil—these three elements—*Religion, Liberty, Education!*

Yes, *Education*. They perceived this to be a scion of the stock-principle, and one source of all true welfare. This was one of the avowed causes for which the Pilgrims of Plymouth colony left the shores of Holland, and the men of Massachusetts colony made it an early object of their care. So soon as April 1635, the town records of Boston show the establishment of free schools there, and we find the names of Governor Winthrop, Sir Harry Vane, Mr. Bellingham, and others, set opposite liberal subscriptions for the maintenance of the same. And this was the germ of an institution which has continued and flourished from that day to this; until now, more money is *voluntarily* subscribed in the city of Boston alone for the support of public instruction, than is expended in all Great Britain; and out from the portals of the common school, with its guiding light upon their path, and its blessed influences in their souls, marches a host whose name is truly legion. Mr. President, I cannot say, as Benjamin Franklin, with a simple and noble pride, has said, in his will—"I was born in Boston, and owe my first instructions in literature to the *Free Grammar Schools* established there;" but, I doubt not, many who now hear me can say this, and it is one of their most glorious recollections, and makes their hearts this hour beat warmer towards their native place.

The colony of Plymouth, as you are well aware, although founded earlier, was more unfortunate in its circumstances, and more tardy in its growth, than that of Massachusetts; and perhaps a generation had grown up before anything was done for common schools. But the same singleness of vision, to which I have referred, the same Puritan comprehensiveness was there also, and quite early in the history of this colony we find these institutions established, and liberally maintained too, despite the adverse circumstances of sparse population and the fearful ravages of Indian war. The great source of revenue for the support of the Free Schools of Plymouth colony, was the *Fisheries*. Those who have seen the emblematic *Fish* which hangs in the State House at Boston, will recognize its fitness there, as indicating a great agent not only of the *commercial*, but of the *intellectual* and *moral* wealth of New-England.

Mr. President, I will not dwell upon the beneficial results of common schools. The theme is too vast and exhaustless for me to attempt. Let me say, however, that I would not make any arrogant claims for New-England. I would not heap upon her a monopoly of praise. I will not demand for her, therefore, any *religious* pre-eminence, although religion was the vital principle of her origin. But I remember also the religious liberties of New Netherlands, and the noble toleration of Calvert. I will not say that our revolutionary liberty originated in her bosom; when that sentiment was so profound and universal in the colonies, running upon the electric telegraph of a common consent from one end of the land to the other, so that the first flash at Bunker Hill lit up signal-fires from Massachusetts Bay to Georgia. But this one great distinction I must claim for New-England, —that she was *the first, of all nations and communities, to establish schools for the whole people!* Let this glory, under God, be hers! Let all the wealth of consequences go to enrich her fame! And, I ask you, even if she should accomplish nothing more, has she not done her part in the unfolding destinies of this great Republic? Whatever that destiny may be, will she not ever stand eminent? Say, will not the work thus commenced on the shores of the Atlantic, always be equal to any result that may crown the shores of the Pacific? Say, are there not arteries running through the land, beating out from her old granite heart, charged with influences as vital, and as precious, as any that may be indicated in the glittering veins of California? And is not the beautiful language of Bradford amply confirmed? "Out of small beginnings great things have been produced; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, in some sort to our whole nation."

Mr. President, those men who, in their humility, were willing to be "stepping-stones" for the Lord's work, stand up in the past of our country as the monuments of his beneficence, and the oracles of our destiny. I will not say that we owe, humanly speaking, all our success to them. How can I, when I look around upon this great and flourishing metropolis? But I do say, that much of our grandest achievment has come from them —the tramp of our swift enterprise is the echo of their iron will—the light that shimmers upon the harvest of the future takes color from their prayers and their hopes.

And with hope, sir, let us regard the future progress of our Republic. In all my speculations upon its destiny, under all the gloomy omens that may hang upon our horizon, I am assured and cheered by the consideration, that a people founded with such wonderful providences cannot quickly fail, nay, cannot fail at all! I do not believe the doctrine that human progress runs in a circle, so that at every point in the orbit of the future we only touch some experience of the past. We are a people of peculiar origin, and ours will be a destiny like that of no other nation. In drawing comparisons between ourselves and others, tell us not of old Rome, purple clad, bloated, effeminate, rotting at the heart, and crumbling in pieces in its colossal members. Tell me not of haughty and chivalrous Spain, quenching her enterprise in the lust for gold, and staining her escutcheon with the blood of conquest. Their origin was not as our origin—our destiny cannot be like theirs. *Religion* and *intelligence* were our natal breath. They are the most vital pulses of our national being. They will correct our errors. They will purge away our evils, and by their aid we shall fulfil a destiny more glorious than any that hovered before the bows of the May-Flower, or brightened in the happiest dreams of the Pilgrims.

Margaret Conolly, an Irish woman of intemperate habits in New York, was burnt to death on Friday. She fell into the fire in a drunken fit.

Col. Bliss was recently married to Miss Betsey Taylor, daughter of the General.

Gov. Smith of Virginia, in his late message, strongly recommends that the free black (50,000 in number,) be expelled from the State.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

CHILDRENS' CHOICES.

MALVINA.—(In front of the Class.)

My dear young mates, though small you are,
And not in science greatly skilled,
Your lustrous eyes to me declare
That wishes have your bosoms filled—
Wishes that you do highly prize,
And make you dream by day and night,
Of beauties rich that greet your eyes,
And make your hearts with rapture light
Now tell me what those wishes are;
Speak fully, freely, one and all—
Keep nothing back—be frank and fair,
For all are free—both great and small.

KATE.

I wish a gay and pretty dress,
With colors bright, and rich, and fair
With splendid hat to correspond,
And ribbons beautiful and rare.
There's nothing makes a little girl
So handsome, charming, and so neat
And when I have such pretty things,
Why, then I always feel complete.

JANE.

Oh, what a vain and foolish girl,
To think so much of dress;
I'd rather have a little doll
To play with and caress.
I can sing it pretty songs,
And talk to it all day,
O, give me dolls—lots of dolls,
With them I love to play.

RUTH.

Ha! ha! that's fine, I must confess,
A girl so old and large as you
To want a little doll to dress;
Give me a book!—a book that's new,
With edges gilt and neatly bound,
And filled with pictures rich and gay,
And then I'll hop and skip around,
And dance and sing, both night and day.

MARIA.

I like a book, and prize it high,
If stories it contains,
But I confess, I'd be ashamed
To own that o'er me reigns
A love of paint and gilded show,
Mere gew-gaws—wings of flies,—
Give me a book! a book of tales,
A book, not for my eyes,
But for my mind—the noble mind,
Which dearly loves to think
Of acts both brave, and wise, and great,
And wisdom's draught to drink.

MARY.

Music is what I love the best,
It charms my inmost heart,
It drives away all care and grief,
And teaches me the art
Of being gay and full of glee—
It keeps my soul in blessed tune,
In sweetest harmony.
Come list ye, while I raise
A song of cheerful praise,
To music-power divine,
Which does my heart incline
To walk that happy way
Which leads to endless day.

SONG.

Come, ye goddess, list I pray,
While thy charms I'm singing;
Help to raise the joyful lay,
Which angel tongues are swelling!
Touch my heart with power divine,
Make thy holy charms combine,
To raise to Heaven this soul of mine,
And make me ever, ever thine.

MARTHA.

A pretty song I love to hear,
But to thump, and thump, and thump all day
Is quite enough, I do confess,
To drive the charms of song away.
My teacher she is very kind,
And patience has, an endless store,
And yet, when vexed, I sometimes wish
To never see her any more.
I'm fond—O yes, I'm very fond
Of pretty songs, when sweetly sung;
But music's work, O save me, do,
It tires my frame and e'en my tongue.
To play is what delights me most—
I'm fond of sport and childish glee;
I love to sing, and skip, and jump,
And be from work forever free.

LUCY.

'Tis well, no doubt, for all to play
An hour or two on every day;
But work it is, that hath the power
To make us happy every hour;
For work alone can us prepare
In toils to bear our equal share,
And fit us for the walks of life,
And keep us from the paths of strife—
In school, in shop and kitchen too,
There's work which all must learn to do.

HARRY.

Of dolls and hats you've said enough,
I'm sick at heart of all your stuff.
A horse! a horse is what I like,
A horse that will not bear a strike,
A horse that's gay, and fleet, and strong,
And full of life will dash along.

JOHN.

I want a drum, a little drum,
To play about the street,
And make it go dub-a-dub dub,—
Oh, that would be so neat.

PETER.

I want a feather in my cap,
And a little shining sword,
And soldier's under my command,
Who'll quick obey my word,
And then, when foes should me defy,
More grape, more grape, should be my cry.

THOMAS.

I love skating, skating, skating,
On the clear and glassy ice,
I can go swift as the wind,
And sail about, as brisk and nice
As those big boys, who feel so proud,
Who strut about, and talk so loud
Of their great skill and wondrous speed,
And power to distance any steed—
There's John Bigswell, who called me small,
O how I laughed to see him fall
The other day, when his hard head
Cracked the ice like hardest lead;
He'll learn, I guess, bye and bye,
Not to scorn such boys as I.

DICK.

I love all kinds of fun,
But most I love a witty pun—
Please tell me, if you can, then,
What makes such hosts of Taylor men?
You will not give it up, I know,
What? because he's brave and wise? O no,
It 's this—just this, and nothing more,
They are made in the tailor's store.

MALVINA.

Dear mates! with care I here have heard,
All that you have had to say,
And now I ask to speak one word
Before you go away—
Hear it, I pray you all, do hear,
Mark well the law I give,
For your life will be dark and drear
Unless by this you live—
Be true to duty and to God,
The Bible read and love,
The Sabbath keep as holy time,
Seek wisdom from above.
Let not play nor idle sport
So fill and sway your tender soul,
That sin shall ever o'er you reign
And make you feel its dread control. O. A. S.

TAKING A RIGHT STAND.

"The way is, my boy, the way to do is, take your STAND RIGHT in the first place."

"And stand by your stand," added Richard.

"Just so!" and the sad expression of grandfather's face for a moment passed away to one of pleased approbation, as he looked down upon the yellow-haired boy at his feet. "Just so! you know the little brook yonder," the old man nodded towards it, "you know the brook?"

"Yes, sir," answered Richard briskly, jumping on his feet, for he knew the little brook and loved it too; he thought it was a queer question. "Yes, sir, I know the brook, well enough."

"You see how the water runs down?"

"Fast and quick!" exclaimed Richard, going and looking over into the gully.

"Easy enough, don't it! down, down!"

"Yes, sir, it rather go than not; it skips along from stone to stone," and Richard smiled over the brook, "carrying everything along with it; except now and then a great stone stops it."

Grandfather left his bench, and walked up to the brink of the gully.

"You see that rock, there," he pointed to one with his staff.

"O, yes, that is the great one, that it foams and dashes over so much, maddening and scolding as you know how it does after the rain, grandfather, carrying all the little rocks before it, that one never moves, that rock WON'T! it won't budge, any how! and I don't believe all the rains in the world can make it;" and Richard looked up very decidedly. Grandfather had heard the children talk about it before, when they used to run and see what changes the rain had made in the gully.

"That rock seems to have taken a stand, don't it, Richard?"

"Yes, sir," answered he, looking from the rock up into his grandfather's face, "yes, sir, it's taken a stand, has'nt it!—and won't be moved; taken a stand!" repeated Richard, his eyes glistening as if a new thought had struck him.

"It has, has it not, Richard?" again asked the grandfather.

"Yes sir, it has, I am sure it has, and NOTHING will move it!"

"Just so I want you to stand, my boy—firm as that rock—doing wrong will carry you down, fast and easy, just like the waters, down! down! and if you don't want to be carried down you must take a stand just like that rock—take a stand and KEEP IT;" and grandfather brought his cane firmly down upon the gravel, "if Micah had done so, he would not be where he now is—no—no," and grandfather sighed, "no—no!"

Richard looked down with intense interest upon that rock; "it's taken a stand!" repeated the boy, "just as I must, and if the waters come ever so much, it won't move, so I must take a right stand and keep it;" and he never perhaps watched the boiling scampering brook with such eagerness; as he looked he was almost afraid it would go; no, there it stood, as if it neither heard or felt their gurgling or their pushing.

A Conference of the Black River Association will be attended at Tylersville on the third Wednesday and Thursday, (17th and 18th) in January. May it be a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Henderson, Dec. 19, 1848. P. MORSE, Standing Clerk.

DANBURY, CT.

The LADIES BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, and MARTHA AND MARY'S SOCIETY, of the above named place, contemplate holding a Festival on Thursday evening next, January 11th, and would extend a cordial invitation to all their friends to attend and enjoy the pleasures of a *social levee*. It is intended to render the occasion worthy of public favor, and no pains will be spared to make it both pleasant and profitable to all who attend. The tables will be well supplied with the substantials at well as the delicacies of life; besides which a variety of fancy and useful articles, will be on hand for sale. Distinguished speakers from abroad are expected to address the company during the evening. Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cts.]

CONFERENCE.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association of Universalists, will be held at Pittstown, Rennsellear Co., the second Wednesday and following Thursday, (10th and 12th) in January, 1849. A cordial invitation is extended to ministers and laymen, to be present on the occasion. Friends coming by public conveyance, will find teams in Troy, at Washington Hall, to convey them to the place of meeting.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

NEW YORK UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The above Society wi l hold its regular Quarterly meeting. in the vestry of the Orchard-street Church, on Monday evening next, the 8th inst. A large attendanee is desired; and it is confidently expected that the meeting will be one of much in erest. HENRY LYON, Sec.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Bleecker-street Sunday School will take place next Tuesday evening, 9th inst.

FOURTH LECTURE ON EUROPE—In the Bleecker-street Church, next Sunday evening. Subject—*England*.

There will be preaching in Piermont, at Capt. Van Nordan's, next Sunday, 7th inst., at 10 1-2 A. M., and at 6 P. M.

Br. Eiliott will preach in Hattertown, Sunday evening, January 7, and in Stepney Monday.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustration and defence of Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-st. Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening,

Rev. S. C. Bulkeley, will preach in Camptown, N. J. the 1st Sunday in January, at 10 1-2 o clock. At Jefferson village at 2 1-2 P. M. and in Middleville, at 6 o'clock in the evening of the same day.

Br. Rayner will preach at Huntington the 1st Sunday in January,

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, credit Mrs. E. Knapp, 86 Grove-st., N. Y., $2 for Repository, and charge to this office.

Brs. Mudge and Corliss, credit Mrs. E. Knapp $1 for Miscellany and charge to this office.

Br. Tompkins—please send Ladies' Repository to Mrs. Sarah Burgess, 378, Pearl-street New York, credit her $2, and charge this office—to commence with January number.

Br. Mudge & Corliss—credit Mrs. Sarah Burgess of this city fifty cents for Miscellany, and charge this office, and discontinue.

MARRIAGES.

By Rev. O. A. Skinner, on the 23d ult., Mr. George W. Bickner, to Miss Mary Gaskin.

By the same, on the 25th ult., Mr. Geo. W. Miller to Miss Sarah Adelia Taylor.

In Brooklyn, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, Dec. 19, Thomas H. Van Brunt, to Miss Charlotte C. Smith, both of Brooklyn.

In Houndsfield, Oct 26th, by Rev. C. A. Skinner, of Dexter, Mr. Andrew Patrick, of Limerick, to Miss Martha Bracket, of Dexter.

Also, by the same, at Perch River Bay, Nov. 23d., Mr. Solomon Livermore, of Houndsfield, to Miss Olive Whitney, of the former place.

Also, by the same, Dec. 20, in Brownsville, Mr. Theron Zimmerman, to Miss Sarah Robinson.

By Rev. J. S Flagler, Oct. 22d., 1848, Mr. Isaac Wickwire, to Mrs. Ruth Van Debogart.

DEATHS.

In Madison, the 7th ult., John T. B. Phelps, youngest child of Elias S. and Psyche Phelps, aged 7 years and 4 months.

The deceased was a remarkably pleasant and intelligent child, and was beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends. May the consolations of the Gospel be sufficient for them, and enable them to look forward to a reunion in heaven. The funeral obsequies were observed on the 9th, at the Universalist Church, a discourse was given by the writer, assisted in the services by the Rev. Mr. Hartshorn of the Baptist church. R. Eddy, Jr.

In the town of Little Falls, Sunday, Dec. the 10th, Mrs. Catharine Rice, daughter of Silas and Nancy Thompson, of Salisbury, and wife of Hamilton Rice, aged 32 years.

Mrs. Rice was a kind mother, an affectionate wife, and was respected by all who knew her. She lived and died in the blessed hope of a Resurrection beyond the grave, and of meeting there her friends and the ransomed universe, to be happy forever. She was sick nearly or quite a year, and during much of the time had strong hopes of recovery; but when she discovered that her disease was that which baffles all human skill—the consumption—she gave up and died with a perfect resignation. A husband and two children are left to mourn her loss. May God protect and comfort them. Her funeral was attended on the 13th ult., in the Presbyterian church at Salisbury Corners, where a discourse was delivered to a large assembly of mourning and sympathizing friends, by the writer, J. H. T.

In Perrinton, on the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 27, 1848, Mrs. Olive Ann, wife of Br. James Armstrong, aged 49 years.

The circumstances connected with the death of this most excellent woman, were such as rendered the event peculiarly afflictive and heart-rending On the previous Wednesday evening, while herself and husband were returning from a visit at the house of an acquaintance, the horses took fright and comenced running at a furious rate, which so alarmed Mrs. Armstrong, that she jumped from the carriage, dislocating in her fall her right ancle, and breaking the bone two or three inches above, besides slightly bruising her in other parts. Being in feeble bodily health, the shock was too much for her, and after enduring the most dreadful bodily suffering imaginable, for nearly five days, she entered upon her endless rest in heaven. She endured her sufferings with remarkable fortitude; no murmuring word escaped from her lips; her faith in Christ as a complete and universal Savior, remained firm and unshaken to the last—and she departed in the confident expectation of meeting a ransomed universe in the great Congregation above. In accordance with her particular request, the writer delivered a discourse at her funeral, in which he endeavored to comfort those that mourned. H. S. H.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE

NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

TO BE EDITED BY

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley.

A new volume of this paper will be commenced on the 11th of November. It will be published as heretofore, on a super royal sheet, in folio form. The paper will be of good quality, strong and white, and the mechanical execution will be equal to that of any other denominational paper.

It will be devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism; Morality, Literature, and Science; to questions of Reform and Progress, and General Intelligence. It will contain Sermons, Essays, Scripture Expositions, Reviews of Books, interesting Moral Stories, Juvenile Pieces, Denominational and General News.

Besides the productions of the Editors, it will contain articles from our best writers. Regular Correspondents, in different parts of the country, have been engaged to furnish the earliest information touching the interests of our cause.

New-York is the Commercial Emporium of the Union, and it affords peculiar facilities for the publication of a Universalist paper; and we hope to make ours worthy of an extensive patronage. If past experience and untiring perseverance will enable us to do so, our friends may depend on receiving one equal to any in the Denomination.

We respectfully ask the aid and co-operation of all our present patrons and all who wish well to our success, promising, on our part, to do every thing in our power to render the Messenger an acceptable and usefu paper.

TERMS.

The Messenger will be Published every Saturday, at Two Dollars a year, payable in advance; to which *Fifty Cents* will be added if not paid within Six months from the time of subscribing.

Persons sending us *Ten Dollars*, shall receive *six* copies, or *Twenty Dollars, Thirteen* copies.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO.

Messenger Office, 140 *Fulton-street, N. Y.*, Oct. 30, 1848.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR,

Is published weekly, in octavo form, and contains all the importan reading of the Messenger. It is printed on good paper, well pressed, and neatly folded. It will make a handsome volume, at the end of the year, of *eight hundred and thirty-two* large octavo pages, filled with interesting and profitable reading, worthy of preservation. This is the only weekly journal in the denomination whose form makes it convenient for the library. It is furnished to single subscribers at $2 50. Persons sending $12 00 shall receive six copies, and $24 00 thirteen copies.

New-York Cattle Market....Monday, Dec. 26.

At market 1200 Beef Cattle, 70 Cows and Calves, and 5,000 Shee and Lambs.

Beef Cattle—The market has undergone considerable change since our last report, and prices have gone up as hig as $9. We quote the market average from that figure down to $6. No sales of any consequence at a lower mark. About 300 head unsold. 40 head shipped.

Cows and Calves—Sales at from $24 to $32 50a 47 50 All sold.

Sheep and Lambs—The offerings are very heavy. Pric. of shee 37 1-2 to 2 75 a 4 50. Left over 800. es

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	$5 25a5 75	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	9 75a11 00
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 25	" Prime, "	$5 75a7 00
" Western, "	1 06a1 15	Lard, per lb.,	7a7 1-2
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	2 88a300	Cheese, "	6 1-2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	64a68	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	19a21
" mixed, "	56a60	" Western "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	57a60	" Ohio Common,	10a12
Rye, "	62	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	34a36	" L'pool grnd, sack,	1 02a1 05
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	13 25a$14	" " fine, "	1 25a1 35
" Prime, "	10 50a$11	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23 a 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	43a50	Timothy Seed, tierce,	15a17
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a7
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per bushel,	1 20a1 25
Flax, per lb.,	9		